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SONG WORDS  
— OF —  
THE MERRY MONARCH,  
COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.



MUSIC BY

E. CHABRIER AND WOOLSON MORSE.

TEXT AND LYRICS BY

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.



AS PRESENTED BY

FRANCIS WILSON

AND COMPANY,

AT THE



Broadway Theatre, - - New York.

1890.

NEW YORK.

Published by T. B. HARMS & CO., 817-819 Broadway.

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Worcester T. Chandler,  
Jan. 15, 1902

# THE MERRY MONARCH.

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## Dramatis Personae.

KING ANSO IV., the Merry Monarch.....	
SIROCO, the Royal Astrologer.....	
HERISSON, Ambassador Extraordinary, etc.....	
KEDAS, Minister of Police..	
TAPIOCA, Private Secretary to Herisson.....	
NIPHAS, High Chamberlain.....	
POSSUMUS, } Royal Train Bearers {	
HOCACUS, }	
LILITA, Princess Royal.....	
ALOES, (Maid in Waiting to the Princess),.....	
OASIS, First Maid of Honor.....	
IDRA, Second Maid of Honor.....	
LAZULI, a traveling Vender of Perfumery.....	
Dignitaries, Civilians, Courtiers, Amazon Guards, Lords and Ladies of the Court, Dancing Girls, Pages, etc.	

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## The Scenes.

ACT I.—A PUBLIC PLACE IN INDIA BEFORE SIROCO'S OBSERVATORY.

*Painted by Homer Emmons.*

ACT II.—THE HALL OF THE STATUES IN KING ANSO'S PALACE.

*Painted by Henry E. Hoyt.*

ACT III.—THE CORRIDOR OF THE ELEPHANTS IN KING ANSO'S PALACE.

*Painted by Henry E. Hoyt and T. S. Plaisted.*

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*First produced under the stage direction of Mr. Richard Barker at  
the Broadway Theatre Monday, Aug. 18, 1890.*

NOT TO BE REPRODUCED



# THE MERRY MONARCH.

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## ACT I.

### CHORUS.

Gaily, gaily, let us sing,  
In our merry monarch's praise!  
'Tis the customary thing  
On his happy natal days.  
Though our spirits may be low,  
And the key be far too high,  
Still our loyalty to show,  
We will warble or we'll die.  
Though oppressed by weight of sorrow,  
Every face a smile must wear;  
Every heart conceal its care:  
Every voice its joy declare;  
Leave all sadness till to-morrow,  
Joyous days like this are rare,  
Certainly all too few to spare,  
In consequence naught shall our joy impair.

### NIPHAS.

From every affectation free,  
With a fund of wit and repartee,  
So affable a king was never known.  
CHORUS.—Gaily, gaily, let us sing, etc.

### QUARTETTE.—“CASH.”

HERISSON, LILITA, ALOES AND TAPIOCA.

And now to test your recollection,  
Of what so often you've been told,  
Prepare to undergo inspection,  
And assume a manner free and bold.  
Let rank and titles be forgotten,  
You're simply salesmen, nothing more,  
Your talk must be of silk and cotton,  
And the patter of a dry-goods store.  
Attention pay  
To what I say!  
Attention pay,

“And try to profit every one by what I say!  
Remember you must always wear a visage that is smiling!  
To show the slightest sign of temper would be surely rash!  
And don't resent a customer's unjust reviling,  
But take it out in ‘cash!’”

ALL.

We'll not forget to wear a visage that is smiling,  
To show the slightest sign of temper would be surely rash;  
We'll not resent a customer's unjust reviling,  
But take it out in ‘cash.’”

### WHEN I WAS A CHILD OF THREE.

Words by J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.

When I was a child of three, Heigh - o! Long a - go.  
Some one gave a doll to me, Ro - sy cheeks she had and eyes

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BALLAD.

“WHEN I WAS A CHILD OF THREE.”

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

LILITA.

I.

When I was a child of three,—

Heigho!

Long ago!

Some one gave a doll to me.

Rosy cheeks she had, and eyes

Blue as are the summer skies.

Though she answered not a word,

Yet I fancied that she heard

All the childish hopes and fears

That I whispered in her ears,—

Whispered all in secrecy,

When I was a child of three;—

Heigho!

Long ago,

Long, long ago!

LILITA.

II.

Even when I older grew,—

Heigho!

Long ago!

To my doll I still was true.

Other toys aside were thrown,

Still my heart was all her own,

All my griefs to her were told,

Childhood's sorrows manifold.

Time had all her roses culled,

And the blue eyes sadly dulled;

She was fair to none but me,

Still at heart a child of three;—

Heigho!

Long ago!

Long, long ago!

LILITA.

III.

Childhood's days are vanished quite,—

Heigho!

Long ago!

Older toys my love invite.

Grown up dolls of flesh and bone,

I by dozens count my own.

Some are pretty, some are wise,

Some I very dearly prize.

But at times my memory strays

To those far-off yesterdays;

And I'd give them all to be

Once again that child of three;—

Heigho!

Long ago!

Long, long ago!

HERISSON, LILITA, ALOES AND TAPIOCA.

And I'd  
she'd give them all to be

Once again that child of three;—

Heigho!

Long ago!

Long, long ago!

I  
 RONDEAU—"VANITY DRIVES THEM ALL TO ME."

## LAZULI.

All of the fair sex are my patrons,  
 Once let my wares come under their eye;  
 Volatile maids and sober matrons  
 Need but to look to eagerly buy.  
 For with the weapons I supply,  
 The defects of nature they rectify;  
 All alike to Lazuli fly.  
 Whether seated on a throne,  
 Or in a hovel they may be;  
 Rosy maid or wrinkled crone,  
 Vanity drives them all to me,  
 Yes, all unto me.

## II

Eyes that have lost their former brightness,  
 Thanks unto me may sparkle anew;  
 Cheeks that have paled to ashen whiteness,  
 Bloom that has flown, again may renew.  
 The tell tale marks that time has traced,  
 By my welcome aid are at once effaced,  
 Frosty age is by youth replaced.  
 Whether seated on a throne,  
 Or in a hovel they may be;  
 Rosy maid or wrinkled crone,  
 Vanity leads them all to me,  
 Yes, all unto me.

## STAR SONG.

Sil - ver star that with thy ra - diant light mak - est bright dark - est  
 night, ..... With the dawn thou diest.....

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## STAR SONG.

LAZULI.

Silver star that with thy radiant light,  
 Makest bright  
 Darkest night,  
 With the dawn thou diest!  
 But within thine eyes, oh, lady mine!  
 Stars divine,  
 Ever shine:  
 It is I,  
 Who must die;  
 For the love thou to me deniest.

## I'M A KING WITH A CAPITAL K.

Which is why I remark that for ways that are dark And for ways that are clear as the  
 day, Tho' I on-ly half try, There is none can deny, I'm a king with a cap-i-tal K,

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 SONG—"A KING WITH A CAPITAL K,"

ANSO.

I

There've been numerous kings of exceptional quality,  
 Famed for their jollity,  
 Wit or frivolity,  
 Many renowned for their state craft and polity,  
 All of them great in the highest degree.  
 But whether acclaimed for their wondrous sagacity,  
 Greed and rapacity,  
 Truth or mendacity,  
 However huge may have been their capacity,  
 None of them all holds a candle to me,  
 When I'm seated in state on my throne,  
 Rhadamanthus would own,  
 With a groan,  
 That he never could raise  
 In his palmiest days,  
 A sternness approaching my own.  
 But when once from the throne I descend,  
 If I meet with a friend,  
 I unbend,

And dispel all moroseness,  
 With genial jocoseness,  
 And witty, conceits without end.  
     I rule my land,  
     With iron hand,  
 But cultivate a manner bland,  
     Which is why I remark  
     That for ways that are dark,  
 And for ways that are clear as the day;  
     Though I only half try,  
     There is none can deny  
 I'm a King with a capital K.  
     Large K!  
 I'm a King with a capital K.

## II.

When occasion demands I'm a pattern of piety,  
     Pink of propriety,  
     Saint of sobriety,  
 Turning my back on light-minded society,  
     Wallowing wildly in sermons and tea.  
 But though I'm a model, at times, of morality,  
     Still my vitality,  
     Waiving formality,  
 Often I show by my conviviality,  
 When with good fellows I happen to be.  
     Though its easy my wrath to evoke,  
     It will vanish like smoke  
     At a joke;  
     And my terrible frown,  
     That's the talk of the town,  
 Serves often my laughter to cloak,  
 Though I strive to be ever polite,  
     And can find no delight  
     In a fight;  
 Yet do not make an error,  
 I'm simply a terror,  
 Whenever I've wrongs to requite.  
     By winning wile,  
     And sunny smile  
 My loving subjects I beguile.  
 Which is why I repeat

Though it smacks of conceit  
 That its simply the truth when I say,  
 That when better I'm known  
 You will all of you own  
 I'm a King with a capital K,  
     Big K!  
 I'm a King with a capital K.

ENSEMBLE.—PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

ANSO.

Believe me! you've done a most couragous thing,  
 In daring to raise your hand against the King.  
     He who deals the King a blow,  
     As you will presently know,  
 Incurs a penalty most severe, whether he will or no.

LAZULI.

'Tis well!

Don't fancy that I against any fate, however harsh, rebel!  
 Gladly to life I'll bid a long farewell.

ANSO.

Since you your doom so boldly defy,  
     Your courage we will try,  
 And if any one is inclined to make a modest wager, I will  
 Lay odds that in five minutes I make you for mercy cry,  
     For punishment prepare!  
     Bring forth the fatal chair!

CHORUS.

Oh, pleasure rare,  
 Produce the chair!

LAZULI.

A fatal chair sounds rather tame.

ANSO.

You'll find it gets there just the same.

CHORUS.

For mirth prepare!  
 For really 'twill be humorous,  
     To behold  
     One so bold  
     Suffering pain.  
 Once in the chair  
 His tortures will be numerous,

But his sighs  
 And his cries  
 Will be in vain.  
 He'll moan  
 And he'll groan  
 And for aid implore,  
 But when you once sit in that chair,  
 You don't get up any more.  
 Of pains and aches  
 He'll feel a great variety,  
 Sufferings horrible, agonies rare!  
 And though he makes  
 Great boasts about his piety,  
 Like a mosstrooper or pirate he'll swear.  
 He'll squeak  
 And he'll shriek  
 And for mercy pray;  
 But when you once get in that chair  
 You'll find you're there to stay.

COUPLETS.—THE FATAL CHAIR.

ANSO.

I.

You may fail at first sight to see  
 How from other chairs this can vary;  
 But soon I think that you'll agree,  
 Its merits are extraordinary.  
 The solid comfort it supplies  
 You only ascertain by trial;  
 See if it is not just your size!  
 Pray do! I won't take a denial.  
 So do not stand—so do not stand—  
 So do not stand on ceremony, pray!  
 But take a seat! but take a seat!  
 You're welcome to it as the day!

CHORUS.

So do not stand—so do not stand—  
 So do not stand on ceremony, pray!  
 We'll do our level best to make things lively for you while  
 [you stay.



11

II.

ANSO.

I've but to press this button here,  
To set a dozen knives in motion:—  
Off comes a finger, nose or ear,  
As I may chance to take the notion.  
And while you cannot move or stir,  
Since all your limbs are held in vises,  
Although you may perhaps demur,  
I calmly carve you up in slices.  
So do not stand—so do not stand—  
So do not stand on ceremony, pray!  
'Twere impolite—'twere impolite  
To rudely tear yourself away.

CHORUS.

So do not stand—so do not stand—  
So do not stand on ceremony, pray!  
Make up your mind that you'll remain with us forever and  
[a day!

FINALE.

ANSO.

You'll find there's naught about me mean;  
Trot out the royal palanquin!

LAZULI.

What on earth can he mean?  
What have I done that I should ride in his palanquin?

ALL.

That we are disappointed must on no account appear,  
It's necessary to have patience for another year;  
Although before we go,  
We'd dearly like to know  
What made King Anso change his mind.  
But even if his reasons for so doing are not clear,  
It's eminently prudent to vociferously cheer  
This highly favored youth,  
Although to tell the truth,  
We're not that way inclined.  
To the palace away,  
There to be merry and gay!  
There we'll enjoy at our leisure  
Mirth and pleasure,  
Beyond measure;  
So away with all care!  
With hearts as light as the air,  
Hail we our King whose undying glory  
Ne'er shall fade but grow brighter each day!

## PRE-EMINENTLY HANDSOME.

Words by J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Female Chorus.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.

Pre - em - i - nent - ly hand - some, su - per - la - tive - ly sweet. Be -  
 yond a doubt tho' somewhat stout, He's good e - nough to eat. His

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## ACT II.

## FEMALE CHORUS—"PRE-EMINENTLY HANDSOME."

*(Music by Woolson Morse.)*

Preeminently handsome,  
 Superlatively sweet,  
 Beyond a doubt,  
 Though somewhat stout,  
 He's good enough to eat.  
 His figure is perfection,  
 His features distingués;  
 Though we suppose  
 You'd call his nose  
 A trifle retroussé.  
 But though he's all that's lovely,  
 We're nearly driven wild,  
 For, like the Sphinx,  
 He sits and thinks,  
 And never once has smiled.

To repartee,  
 Though brilliant, he  
 Displays insensibility;  
 The keenest joke  
 Cannot evoke,  
 A trace of risibility.  
 And so with puns,  
 Our choicest ones,  
 (One gem at least we hatch in eight)  
 All go for nil,  
 Do what we will.  
 We cannot make him cachinate.

Tell us! Tell us! we beseech you,  
 How we can your mirth excite!  
 If there's any way to reach you,  
 We will sit up half the night.  
 Why you remain,  
 Unmoved, explain!  
 We've done our best,  
 With song and jest,  
 Your sadness to beguile;  
 Come tell the truth,  
 You obdurate youth,  
 Why you decline to smile!  
 Why you decline to smile!  
 Without delay,  
 Inform us pray,  
 Why you decline to smile!

### I CAN'T IMAGINE.

Words by J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I can't im-ag-ine what their lit-tle game is, Or why in me such in-ter-est they  
 show, What-ere their rea-sons are, it all the same is, I  
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#### SONG.—“I CAN'T IMAGINE.”

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

LAZULI.

I can't imagine what their little game is  
 Or why in me such interest they show.  
 What e'er their reasons are, it all the same is,  
 I don't propose to let them treat me so,  
 They prod me and they pound me, and they pinch me,  
 Until I'm very nearly black and blue;  
 Perhaps they think I'm going to let them lynch me,  
 They'll find themselves mistaken if they do,  
 For they'll find I draw the line at that.

Line at that—line at that,  
 I've a positive objection  
 To be doomed to vivisection.  
 I'll not submit, that's flat,  
 That is flat, that is flat.  
 When it comes to being killed, I draw the line at that.

Faith curers tell us pain's imaginary,  
 That health is but another name for will.  
 And that a man is simple minded, very,  
 Who lets himself in any way be ill.  
 They may have faith in what they are asserting,  
 And may not mean to willfully deceive,  
 But having double teeth pulled without hurting,  
 Is one thing they cannot make me believe;  
 For I must draw the line at that.

Line at that—line at that,  
 That the dentist's operations  
 Don't cause horrible sensations  
 Is a statement I combat,  
 I combat. I combat.

Pulling teeth don't hurt, eh? Thanks! I draw the line at that.

The fairer sex have year by year grown bolder,  
 In claiming men's apparel for their wear,  
 Until to-day it puzzles the beholder  
 To know which, which is at first sight I'll swear.  
 Our shirts, our coats, cravats, capes, cuffs and collar<sup>s</sup>  
 They've quietly usurped them one by one;  
 I would not risk a bet of twenty dollars,  
 They don't demand our 'bags' before they're done.  
 But they'll find we draw the line at that,  
 Line at that—line at that,  
 If our coats and waistcoats suit them;  
 Let them go! we'll not dispute them,  
 They may wear our shoes and hat,  
 Shoes and hat—shoes and hat,  
 But unmentionables—No! We draw the line at that,

## IV.

To music of all kinds I'm very partial,  
 I like a waltz that's dreamy, soft and low,  
 I like a ballad, or a quickstep martial,

That makes your pulses quicker throb and glow.  
 Gainst comic songs my heart is far from flinty,  
 I often join their chorus with a vim,  
 But when the singer resurrects McGinty,  
 I simply want to tear him limb from limb,  
 For I firmly draw the line at that—  
 Line at that—line at that.  
 Sing of lovers sad or spooney,  
 Little Peach or Annie Rooney,  
 Ask me where I got my hat—  
 Got my hat—got my hat,  
 But don't say McGinty, for I draw the line at that.

QUINTETTE.

ANSO, SIROCO, LAZULI, HERISSON AND TAPIOCA.

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

LAZULI.

Yes, it is he!

ANSO AND SIROCO.

You're bound to get us all in trouble.  
 It's plain to see,  
 That our precautions we must double.

HERISSON.

Here's a cheerful greeting, truly!  
 Why am I received so coolly?

TAPIOCA.

If his temper they could know,  
 They would more politeness show.

ALL—TOGETHER.

HERISSON.

With rage I tremble.  
 But I must not betray my ire;  
 I must dissemble,  
 But satisfaction I'll require,  
 What on earth can be the reason  
 I am treated in this wise?  
 For it at the proper season,  
 Anso shall apologize.

## LAZULI.

With rage I tremble,  
 But though my brain is all on fire,  
 I will dissemble,  
 And seek to hide my heart's desire.

TO ANSO.—Though you both should fall your knees on,  
 And implore me to be wise,  
 I'll the first occasion seize on,  
 To abandon all disguise.

## ANSO AND SIROCO.

With fear we tremble,  
 He's playing, foolish boy, with fire,  
 He must dissemble,  
 Nor thus invite disaster dire.

TO LAZ.—Listen to the voice of reason!  
 Do not let your passions rise!  
 This is not the proper season,  
 We entreat you, temporize!

## TAPIOCA.

With fear I tremble,  
 Until I'm ready to expire,  
 I must dissemble,  
 For cowardice he don't admire.  
 If it were not highest treason,  
 I would strongly him advise,  
 Of their conduct that the reason,  
 In his hasty temper lies.

## ANSO.

As Dr. Watts has truly said,  
 His sentiments, not language, I cite—  
 Your little hands were never made  
 To spoil some other fellows' eye-sight!  
 Birds in their little nests agree  
 The Doctor adds—but there some doubt is;  
 For when they try  
 At first to fly,  
 There frequently a falling out is.  
 But though his statement as to birds,  
 We cannot wholly swallow,

Yet as to eyes,  
 His counsel wise  
 We shall do well to follow.  
 Yes, though our knowledge *in re* birds.  
 Knocks Dr. Watts's hollow:  
 He's sound on eyes,  
 And if we're wise  
 His optic tip we'll follow.

## ALL.

Let us heed his admonition!  
 From all violence refrain!  
 Show a kindly disposition!  
 And from raising Cain abstain!  
 Keep our tempers in subjection!  
 Never mind what others do!  
 For, upon mature reflection,  
 It will pay us better to.

## CHORUS OF WELCOME.

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

With joyful jubilation,  
 And clamorous acclaim,  
 We hail the great ambassador  
 Of monumental fame.  
 And as it is but proper,  
 And right for us to do,  
 We gladly raise  
 Our notes of praise,  
 And hail the princess too!  
 Hail the princess young and fair!  
 Hail the great ambassador!  
 Let all ranks her praise declare!  
 Him let every class adore!  
 Hail! all hail!

With joyful jubilation,  
 And clamorous acclaim,  
 We hail the great ambassador,  
 Of monumental fame.  
 And as in strict politeness  
 We feel compelled to do.

We likewise raise—  
 Our notes of praise—  
 And hail the princess too,  
 Hail! Hail! Hail!  
 All hail!

ENSEMBLE.

LILITA, ALOES, HERISSON, KEDAS, TAPIOCA AND  
 MIXED CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Take him away!  
 Where not a ray  
 Of sunlight ever falls!  
 Within a dungeon chain him!  
 And detain him!  
 Though it pain him:—  
 For he who dares our monarch to betray  
 Vainly for mercy calls.

LILITA.

Oh, agony!

CHORUS.

Vainly he calls!

LILITA.

Ah, woe is me!

CHORUS

Vainly he calls!

LILITA.

Although a dungeon damp betide thee,  
 With bread and water for thy fare;  
 My place shall ever be beside thee,  
 Thy privations I will gladly share,  
 Though to rats I am far from partial,  
 And spiders I abominate;  
 Ah!  
 My courage I will bravely marshal,  
 And uncomplaining, share thy fate.

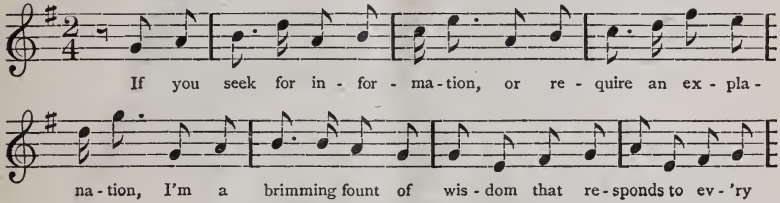


## THE OMNISCIENT OSTRICH;

OR,  
"The Bird Who Knows It All."

Words by J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.



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DITTY.—"THE OMNISCIENT OSTRICH."

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

ANSO.

I.

In an African desert once there dwelt  
An ostrich wondrous wise,  
Who carried his head so proudly high  
It almost touched the skies.  
He had lived so long and had seen so much,  
He was vain as vain could be;  
And this wonderful bird

Was often heard

To remark complacently:—

"If you seek for information,

"Or desire an explanation,

"I'm a brimming fount of wisdom that responds to every call.

"For assorted gilt-edged knowledge

"I can discount any college;

"I'm a simple little ostrich, but I

know

it

all."

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! how very silly!

We must laugh though willy-nilly,

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ha!

Ha! ha! etc.

He's a simple little ostrich, but he

knows

it

all.

## II.

Now this imbecile fowl was frequently warned  
 Of hunters to beware,  
 But he turned up his nose at all advice  
 With a supercilious air.  
 Said he, "No bird with a brain like mine  
 "From hunters needs to flee:  
 "You seem to forget  
 "There never was yet  
 "A bird as wise as me.\*  
 "There is nothing you can teach me,  
 "Bows and arrows cannot reach me,  
 "They may lay their snares with cunning, but I'll ne'er  
 "All in vain they seek to harm me, [into them fall.  
 "There is nothing can alarm me;  
 "I'm a simple little ostrich, but I  
 know it  
 all."

CHORUS.—Ha! ha! etc.

## III.

Now this ostrich had an occasion soon  
 His wisdom to display,  
 For a couple of hunters gave him chase  
 In a highly hostile way.  
 "Observe, my friends!" he merrily cried,  
 "How I'll fool these sons of Ham;  
 "For I'll hide my head .  
 "In the sand," he said,  
 "And they won't know where I am.  
 "It's an easy operation  
 "To elude their observation;  
 "In emergencies like this one on your brain, not legs, you  
 "And in spite of their endeavor [call  
 "I will prove them far from clever:  
 "I'm a simple little ostrich, but I  
 know it  
 all."

CHORUS—Ha! ha! etc.

\*NOTE.—The ostrich must defend this erratic grammar. The author doesn't.

## IV.

There was something wrong with his well-laid plan,  
 I much regret to say;  
 For they snaked him out of his hiding place  
 Without the least delay.  
 They plucked his long tail-feathers out,  
 Till he was a sight to see;  
 And they clipped his wings  
 With shears and things,  
 Though it hurt confoundedly:—  
 Then they shipped him o'er the ocean,  
 And to-day if you've the notion  
 At a second-rate museum in this neighborhood to call;  
 You will see a sight pathetic,  
 For with mien apologetic,  
 Stands the simple little ostrich, stuffed, who

knew

it

all.

CHOROS.—Ha! ha! etc.

## V.

There's a moral tied to this ostrich's tale,  
 That must be plain to all,  
 That a pride with too much enbonpoint  
 Precedes an awkward fall.  
 Though a Solomon's wisdom you possess,  
 Don't good advice deride!  
 For a head that grows abnormally large  
 Is a difficult one to hide—  
 So unless you crave a stumble,  
 Youll' do wisely to be humble,  
 And the melancholy ending of the ostrich to recall;  
 For the man of highest wisdom  
 Of his merits always is dumb,  
 And the men who know but little always

know

it

all.

CHORUS.—Ha! ha! etc.

## FINALE.

ALL.

Too late! too late!

In vain is all endeavor!

His cruel fate

That shot has has fixed forever.

How could he make

Such a mistake?

His hasty act

He can't retract,

ANSO.

My position is fearful!

SIROCO.

My condition 's not cheerful.

ANSO.

Has he been shot?

SIROCO.

Or has he not?

Has he been shot or not?

ALL.

HERISSON.

What do they mean by all this rot?

They're raving lunatics the lot!

It certainly can matter not,

If he has or has not been shot.

ALL.

Too late! too late!

In vain is all endeavor!

His cruel fate

That shot has fixed forever.

What can we say? what can we do?

It is too late now to pursue.

Too late! too late!

\* \* \* \* \*

## RESUME OF FINALE.

## CHORUS.

From our suspense relieve us !  
 What occurred quickly state '  
 Even though you relate  
 What's sure to deeply grieve us.

## LILITA.

We sit together, side by side,  
 In silent rapture all unspoken;  
 Our dream of love, as on we glide,  
 Is by no thought of danger broken.  
 Azure are the skies above,  
 On the lake the joyous sunshine dances;  
 Nature seems to smile upon our love,  
 And our hearts in it's spell entrances.  
 Suddenly—" bang !"  
 Rifles rang,  
 A cloud of smoke obscured the air;  
 And when at last  
 Away it passed,  
 My poor Lazuli was not there.  
 Alas ! he was not there.

## ALL.

He wasn't there ?

## LILITA.

That I'll swear.

## ALL.

Suddenly—" bang !"  
 Rifles rang,  
 A cloud of smoke obscured the air.

And when at last  
 Away it passed,  
 Her poor Lazuli was not there.  
 Alas! he was not there,  
 He was not there.  
 If I could only know his lot,  
 'Twould be a partial consolation;  
 Has he been drowned? or did that shot  
 Result in his annihilation?  
 Would that I the power possessed,  
 To peer behind Fate's dark curtain!  
 But at present it must be confessed  
 Of this alone I'm certain.  
 Suddenly "bang!"  
 Rifles rang,  
 A cloud of smoke obscured the air,  
 And when at last  
 Away it passed,  
 My poor Lazuli was not there.  
 Alas! he was not there.

ALL

He was not there?

LILITA.

That I'll swear.

ALL.

Suddenly—"bang!"  
 Rifles rang.

A cloud of dust obscured the air;  
 And when at last  
 Away it passed,  
 Her poor Lazuli was not there,  
 Alas! he was not there,  
 He was not there.

CHORUS.

Although we're not concerned at all,  
 'Tis but polite  
 To show some slight  
 Regret that she has lost her lover.  
 Then in the pleasure of the ba'll  
 Our former spirits we'll recover.

*(To Lilita sympathizingly.)*

It's very sad! It's very sad!  
 We deeply sympathize with you, believe us!  
 Indeed, indeed its sad!  
 Such a fine and promising lad!  
 It is grievous! it is grievous

*(Aside cheerfully.)* And now that duly we've complied,

With etiquette  
 By our regret,  
 We'll straight forget  
 All about her lover;  
 As in the mazy dance we glide  
 Our former spirits will recover.

ANSO.

*(Music by Woolson Morse.)*

Though wretched is my plight,  
 I must conceal my sorrow;  
 Must laugh and jest to-night,  
 Although I die to-morrow.  
 Though limited my skill,  
 Must simulate a Stoic,  
 And, much against my will,  
 Essay a rôle heroic.  
 In short, although  
 'T will bring relief  
 To feelings sadly unelastic,  
 No one must know  
 My secret grief,  
 The while I trip the light fantastic.

My loving subjects, ignorant must go forth;  
 As Byron says, "On with the dance!" and so forth!

The music sweet is calling,  
 Rising, falling,  
 Murmuring soft and low;  
 While to and fro  
 In ebb and flow  
 The happy feet of eager dancers go.  
 Bright eyes are softly glancing,  
 Joy enhancing;

Rosy the fair cheeks glow;  
 As quicker flow  
 The pulses slow,  
 At whispered words that bliss untold bestow.  
 CHORUS—The music sweet, etc.

ANSO.

Although I'm driven near to madness,  
 I must assume an air of gladness;  
 Although of hope there's not a ray,  
 I must be gay! I must be gay!

CHORUS.

It charms us more than we can say  
 To see our King so bright and gay!

ANSO.

Within my heart I hide a grief appalling,  
 None but myself must know.  
 Oh! cruel Fate!  
 That will not wait,  
 But without warning deals a knock-down blow!  
 To me alone, alas! the hours advancing  
 Bring only deepest woe.  
 For, holy smoke!  
 I've got to croak  
 Within another twenty hours or so.

CHORUS.

While we may  
 Let us drink the cup of pleasure!  
 Sorrows stay;  
 Happiness alone hath wings.  
 'Tis to-day  
 He who's truly wise will treasure.  
 Who shall say  
 What to-morrow brings?



## ACT III.

## MILITARY CHORUS.

*(Music by Woolson Morse.)*

Oh, the cymbals clash—and clang and crash,  
 And the clamorous trumpets blare;  
 While boum! boum! boum!—goes the big bass drum,  
 And r-r-r-rat-tat-tattle! goes the snare.  
 As stiff as starch—we proudly march,  
 While the populace loudly cheers,  
 As with delight—it hails the sight  
 Of the King's own Grenadiers,  
 Left! right! left! right  
 Stern our martial bearing  
 Left! right! left! right!  
 Warlike our array;  
 Left! right! left! right!  
 Desperate our daring,  
 Although as yet no chance we've met  
 Our prowess to display.  
 Our hearts are light—our swords are bright—  
 Because we never draw them;  
 To quell our foes—there needs no blows;  
 We simply overawe them.  
 We shield from harm—and rude alarm  
 Our well belovéd sovereign;  
 From danger free—he'll ever be,  
 While we're about him hovering.  
 Oh, the cymbals clash, etc.

## LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.

Words by J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.

How - ev - er blind "Life's" pathways are, Love will find the way, Tho'

thorns and shards its pro - gress bar, Love will find the way, Tho'

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff covers the first line of lyrics, and the second staff covers the second line. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.

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## SONG.—“LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.”

ANSO.

*(Music by Woolson Morse.)*

## I.

There's a saying you have often heard,  
 That since the World begun,  
 No obstacle ever—two hearts can sever,  
 When love has made them one.  
 Though a stern and angry sire—may boil with ire,  
 All in vain will be his “Nay!”  
 For as sure as Fate—he'll learn, too late,  
 That love will find the way;  
 Oh! there's never a puzzle in life so hard,  
 But love will find the way.  
 There's never a prison so tightly barred,  
 But love will find the way:  
 Though clouds of doubt obscure the sky,  
 Though mists of weeping dim the eye,  
 Though dangers tower mountain high,  
 Love will find the way.

## II.

You may lock a maiden in a tower,  
 Full fourteen stories high;  
 And guards by the dozen—that none can cozen,  
 May on her keep their eye:  
 But as sure as you are born—before the morn  
 She'll be miles and miles away:  
 And you'll have to own—when the bird has flown,  
 That love will find the way.  
 Oh! there's never a puzzle, etc.

## III.

When you're calling of a Sunday eve  
 On the fairest of her sex,  
 Do not let a trifle—affection stifle  
 Or doubt your mind perplex,  
 If you only find one chair—is vacant there,  
 Don't get mad and go away,  
 One chair will do—on a pinch, for two,  
 For love will find the way.  
 Oh! there's never a puzzle, etc.

## TURTLE DOVE DUET.

My heart that so wildly is beat - ing, The notes of the dove is re -  
 peating, What-ever be - tides I will 'ere be true, I love but you, I love but you.

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## TURTLE DOVE DUET.

LAZULI AND LILITA.

LAZULI.

Though in idle jest she has spoken,  
 Yet in its ever constant love,  
 To imitate the faithful dove,  
 Of highest wisdom is the token.

LILITA.

No truer word was ever spoken.  
 In their airy circles wending.  
 Soar the doves of purest white;  
 Then like snowy clouds descending,  
 They gently on their cote alight.  
 Carefully their plumage preening,  
 Strutting proudly to and fro,  
 Yet all the while with tender meaning,  
 I hear them murmur soft and low—  
 Roup! rrou! Roup! rrou!  
 Roup! rrou!

LAZULI.

I love but you! I love but you!

LILITA.

I love but you! I love but you!  
 My heart that so wildly is beating,  
 The note of the dove is repeating,  
 Whatever betide I will e'er be true!  
 I love but you! I love but you!

## BOTH.

My heart that so wildly is beating,  
 The note of the dove is repeating,  
 Whatever betide I will e'er be true!  
 I love but you! but you!  
 Roup! rrou! Roup! rrou!  
 Roup! rrou!

## LAZULI.

Through the sunlight and the shower,  
 Through the pleasure and the pain,  
 Bliss unending is the dower  
 Of those who ever true remain.  
 Sharing every joy and sorrow,  
 Each in each and all in all;  
 Example from the dove we'll borrow  
 And constant be whate'er befall.  
 Roup! rrou! Roup! rrou!  
 Roup! rrou!

## LILITA.

I love but you! I love but you!

## LAZULI.

I love but you! I love but you!  
 My heart that so wildly is beating,  
 The note of the dove is repeating,  
 Whatever betide I will e'er be true!  
 I love but you! I love but you!

## BOTH.

My heart that so wildly is beating,  
 The note of the dove is repeating,  
 Whatever betide I will e'er be true!  
 I love but you! but you!  
 Roup! rrou! Roup! rrou!  
 Roup! rrou!

## WEDDING BELLS ARE SWEETLY RINGING.

Words by CHEEVER GOODWIN.

Music by WOOLSON MORSE.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, The wedding bells are sweetly

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### WEDDING CHORUS.

(*Music by Woolson Morse.*)

Ding! dong! ding! dong!  
 Wedding bells are ringing!  
 Ding! dong! ding! dong!  
 Golden notes out flinging!  
 Hymen waits the happy pair,  
 He so brave and she so fair,  
 Happiness is everywhere!  
 Ding! dang! dong!  
 Through the fabric of Fate's loom,  
 May there run no thread of gloom!  
 May Life's roses thornless bloom!  
 Ding! dang! dong!

### WOMEN.

Wheresoe'er their footsteps stray,  
 May Love's sunshine light the way!  
 Turning darkest night to day!  
 Ding! dang! dong!

### ALL.

Ding! dong! ding! dong!  
 Wedding bells are ringing!  
 Ding! dong! ding! dong!  
 Golden notes out flinging!  
 Hymen waits the happy pair,  
 He so brave and she so fair—  
 Happiness is everywhere!  
 Ding! dang! dong!

## FINALE.

LAZULI AND LILITA.

Our hearts that so wildly are beating,  
 Your favor to-night are entreating,  
 For your approbation we humbly sue,  
 All rests with you—all rests with you.

ALL.

(Repeat.)

ANSO.

To eliminate your every care,  
 We've done our very best,  
 For our sole endeavor—is to please you ever,  
 With harmless song and jest.  
 Let our efforts to amuse—our faults excuse;  
 Come again some other day!  
 Though the road be long—you can't go wrong,  
 For love will find the way.  
 Oh! there's never a puzzle in life so hard,  
 But love will find the way,  
 There's never a prison so tightly barred  
 But love will find the way.  
 Though clouds of doubt obscure the sky,  
 Though mists of weeping dim the eye,  
 Though dangers tower mountain high,  
 Love will find the way.



































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